

## Forces

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# Medea

Bonnie Frazier

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## Medea

Bonnie Frazier

If you could see  
The light in their eyes  
Their beauty, overwhelming  
Eyes brilliant, gorgeous golden curls  
The smell of them intoxicating  
Their affection for me bottomless  
My children  
I swell, I ache

I see their father in their faces  
In the turn of their smiles, I see his  
With their colors of blue and gold, he appears  
Even their words are fashioned from him  
Impossible to escape him in them  
The man who betrayed me  
I, humiliated  
Promised to be a second class mistress  
A stupid whore, forgotten

My children, now bastardized  
Where shall I take them?  
And with what provisions?

And if they remain, with her, his new prize?  
A woman never wants another woman's children  
And I, unable to bear the thought of her near them  
Naïve, vacant, she a mere receptacle for him  
Likewise, a man never wants children that are not his own  
Who will take what is spoiled?  
No man will take me with my sons

Incapable of fleeing with them  
Unbearable to leave my sons with vipers  
I must ruin my progeny  
Slaughter them  
I will relieve their burden, their pathetic existence  
Heirs to nothing

A prelude to their demise:  
First the death of his new bride, then her father  
Poisoned by my wedding gift  
My precious children I will take myself  
with no sorcery  
Only a knife to slit their throats  
Holding them as they perish

My husband will be left with nothing, broken  
And I will flee to higher ground

## Treasure

Bonnie Frazier

rummaged through a dresser drawer of yours tonight  
the one with watches, knives, odds and ends  
a treasure chest  
ransacked it the way one's child always does  
eyes wide, cooing over my spoils

picked a knife and wore it proudly all over the farm  
stomped in my boots to the barn, my knife and I  
whittled sticks, warded off imaginary predators,  
carved my name in the dirt

far from the first pillage  
you unaware, my history of plundering the  
sparkling menagerie of mom's jewels  
carefully, each piece returned to the same location  
concealing where I had been  
the only pirate to return her prizes, the most  
tangible representations since her death

unable to grow up together  
denied the pleasure of rifling through your stuff  
a relished compulsion for every child  
suspecting what I will need to hold onto you,  
which treasures shall I take?